

Racing Enjoys Its Biggest Day Since Colin Won Belmont Stakes, in 1908

Thousands Roar as High Noon Wins the Toboggan by a Head

Part of the Huge Crowd Which Overflowed from Stands at Belmont Park Yesterday

COFFEY IS VICTOR OVER JIM FLYNN IN FAST BATTLE

Jack Curley Throws Up Sponge in Ninth Round to Save Fireman.

A CLOSE CALL FOR WINNER IN SECOND

Loser Breaks Hand in Third Round, but Keeps Fighting with Rare Courage.

Jim Coffey, the Dublin Giant, won over Jim Flynn, of Pueblo, after nine rounds of hurricane fighting at Brighton Beach last night. Jack Curley, the beaten man's manager, threw up the sponge to save his man from unnecessary punishment after 1 minute and 34 seconds of the ninth round had been fought.

Coffey won the fight and what little credit may go with it, but lost much prestige in the eyes of the crowd.

Flynn broke his hand in two places in the middle of the third round, but with that rare degree of courage which has made him famous in all his battles he kept tearing in to continue a hopeless fight. Flynn, a veteran of twenty years, had withstood the savage attack of the man most highly rated by critics, and the crowd could only wonder what Coffey would have done had he been confronted by a man who is his physical equal.

When the fight was over Flynn came to the ringside and with tears streaming down his battered face asked for another chance. "I know I can beat him if I get the chance. I had him licked in the third round when I hurt my hand."

In the second round Flynn drove Coffey back staggering and reeling and in dire distress. He fairly rained punches, but they rattled off Coffey's arms and shoulders, his elbows and gloves. Finally Coffey cleared his head and was never again in such a predicament.

Many weary miles separate Coffey from the championship. Again he demonstrated that he can't take a punch and showed a glaring lack of judgment at other times. In the first round, for instance, he had things all his own way, and clinched repeatedly instead of ripping in to fight.

It was the battle of youth and age. Coffey had every advantage, but he simply could not do the work.

After the fight, Billy Gibson said that Coffey had injured both his hands, and that this prevented him from winning by a knockout.

Coffey will never be nearer having the fatal decimal tolling over him than he was in the second round. He started well enough, but Flynn caught him in Flynn's own corner and smashed a left on the chin which made the Irishman totter, and like a streak the fireman went at him. A veritable cyclone of punches drove Coffey back, and he was staggering weak and groggy. At last, however, his head cleared and he fought himself free.

The tide swung back to its normal channels during the third and fourth rounds. Flynn, the game little fighter on punishment, tore in, taking whatever came his way, and certain it is enough came. When the Pueblo man landed Coffey staggered. The latter, however, was too strong at his too perfect condition to down Flynn did well in the fifth and earned at least an even break. Coffey it was who did the holding.

Flynn had apparently injured his left hand during the sixth round rolled by. He had been favoring it for a couple of rounds, and even in the clinches he made little effort to hold. It was a matter of time before Flynn would be a one-handed battle, but he stayed up and did his best. Before the seventh round he admitted that his hand had been broken in the fourth round, but he scored the proportion of his manager to call a halt. "I'll get him," he kept saying, but this, of course, was impossible.

A little thing like a broken hand didn't stop the fireman from tearing right in and at intervals he scored heavily, but not often enough. The unmarked Coffey stood off and beat a merciful tattoo on his smaller, crippled opponent. It was a magnificent display of courage, but futile, indeed.

At last came the end. Flynn could not hope to win, and after one minute and thirty-four seconds of boxing in the ninth round, Jack Curley threw up the sponge.

Huge Crowd Pays Striking Tribute to Racing and Fills Belmont Park to 'Overflowing'—Three Horses Heads Apart in Feature Race of Exciting Day.

August Belmont, chairman of the Jockey Club, stood in the stand at Belmont Park yesterday, and a satisfied smile flickered across his face.

Stromboli, winner of the Metropolitan Handicap, running in his name and colors, had just been beaten a short head by James Butler's High Noon, in the twenty-second renewal of the Toboggan Handicap, and the roar of 30,000 voices which greeted the pulse-raising drive had hardly been stilled.

It seemed no time to smile, yet there it was, and the reason was written in the huge crowd which packed the stands, overflowed on the lawns and invested the infield. Mr. Belmont's love of racing was greater than his love of winning. He and his associates reaped a rich measure of reward yesterday, for the efforts expended to rebuild the sport.

Not since that Memorial Day in 1908, when the late James R. Keene's unbeaten Colin raced to sensational victory in the Belmont Stakes, has such a crowd paid tribute to racing. On that day the tide of the turf passed all bounds.

Since then it has ebbed and ebbed, but the turning came after three lean years, and now once more it is on a racing flood.

Tribute to the Sport.

The racing yesterday was full of interest and studded with thrills, and yet the story lies in that crowd of thirty thousand men and women who returned to the sport with new-born enthusiasm. The cheers, the shouts, could not be misunderstood.

Under the restrictions imposed against oral betting, in the absence of public bookmaking, hundreds upon hundreds could not make a wager, or even learn the prices quoted, and yet they turned from baseball, golf, boxing and other forms of entertainment to enjoy the strife of racing thoroughbreds.

Not that baseball, golf, boxing and the other sports did not draw their full quota. They did; but racing again took its place in the front rank.

No fairer picture could be painted, no fairer day conceived, no more exciting games imagined. Everything conspired to please and satisfy. Even the pranks of the sun were warm.

Turning once more to the Toboggan Handicap, High Noon, Stromboli and Yankee Nations finished so close together that only the judges could accurately separate them as they flashed by the finish with whips flying.

High Noon, the span of a man's hand would be nearer the measure. And that battle through the last furlong roused the thousands to momentary frenzy. It was no place for a weak horse.

Stromboli failed by just one stride to earn the prize, but shared equally with the other two in the honors. Under his impact of 127 pounds, he was quitted himself well, and it was his sensational rush through the last sixteenth, under Turner's masterly handling, that lent the final touch to a truly brilliant struggle.

High Noon Stands Test.

High Noon, the three-year-old son of Viceroy, nonchalant, proved a credit to his sire and a credit to his stable, the late Benson. He bore the brunt of the racking. He shook off in turn Hester Pryne, the mammoth Top o' the Morning, the tenacious Yankee Nation, and finally the fast closing Stromboli. That one more stride would have meant his undoing counts for nothing. He gave of his best in gamest fashion and he won.

The test was a kind which left no room for cavil. High Noon is a horse of class, and maybe a great horse. He was filled into a big, fine looking fellow, and closely resembles his sire. He was in receipt of only seven pounds by the scale from Stromboli, he was making his first appearance and lacked the tightening up of a race, he ran the six furlongs in 1:09 3/5, only one second behind Jack Atkins's record for the track, and he proved his speed and heart.

Little wonder James Butler remarked over and over again as one after another offered congratulations: "He's a good horse, he's a brave horse."

Sam Hildreth was not satisfied to have two strings to his bow. He wanted three, but one of the three snapped.

Rock View has not been cured of his vice temper. The statement to that effect in the column a few days ago is retracted. Rock View's temper is near that ever. He was left at the post yesterday, and it was his own fault.

As to the other races, the chart will tell the story. Yet a few words must be said of the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap.

August Belmont had another occasion to smile. His Rock Sand mare Mission, cleverly handled by Haynes, fended off nearly and won after a sharp struggle with Thomas Hittcock's Kintore after clearing the last jump.

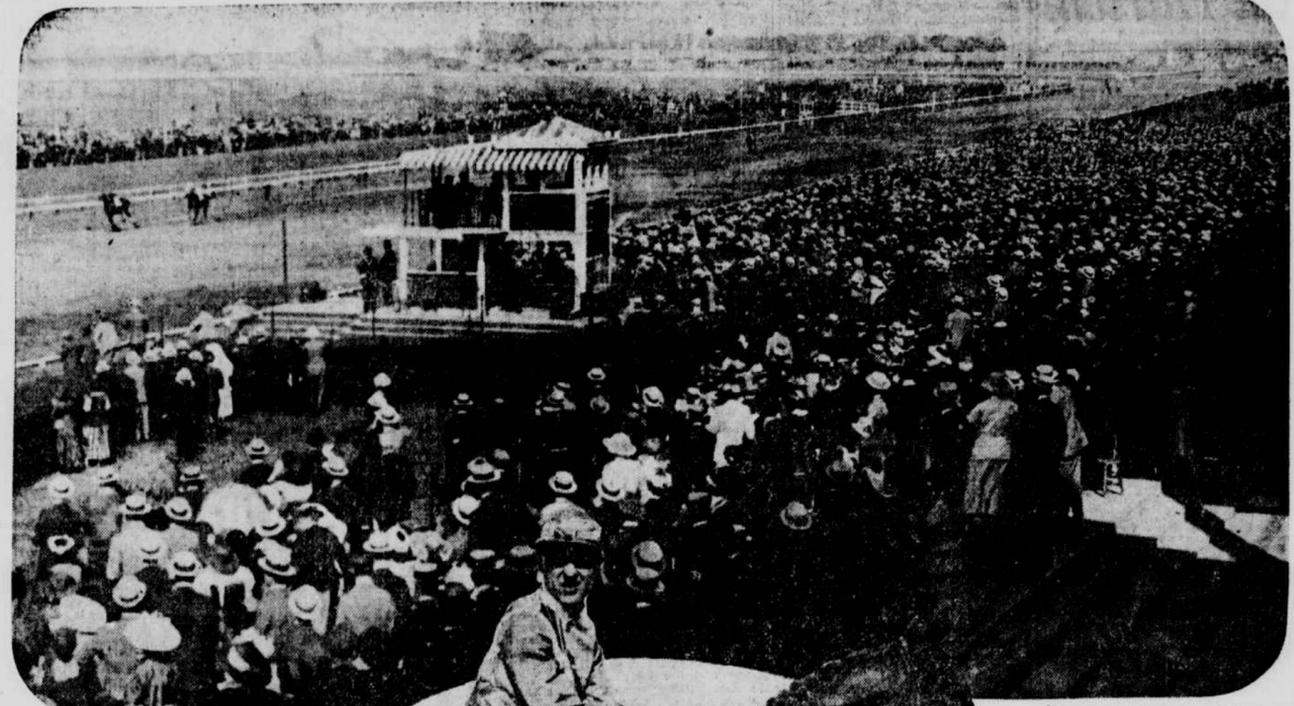
F. Williams came down from Canada to ride the latter, and he rode well, except for that looked like two such impatience in making his run on the backstretch a full half mile or more from the finish. It left little to finish with.

Allen suffered a bad fall with Bally Bay in the chase, and was carried to the paddock in the ambulance. It was ascertained later that he was not seriously injured.

Gifford A. Cochran scored a double with Royal Martyr in the first race and Short Ballot in the second. Lilly rode both winners.

Republican's ambition cost him any chance to win the Bayside Handicap. He was too strong for Garner, and ran away seven furlongs before the start. This satisfied his ambition, but stunted his speed.

Charley Patterson, the trainer, is a most excellent judge. He told a friend that it looked to him as if Bally Bay would grow a new hoof. His original hoof, or, to be more exact, one of his original hoofs, was crushed by an automobile hoof last June as the colt was being led to the Aqueduct track. He was



JAMES BUTLER'S HIGH NOON, WITH BOREL UP, WINNER OF THE TOBOGGAN HANDICAP.

Dancing No Lure with Racing On

Dancing has its attraction, but dancing ran a dismal second to racing at Belmont Park yesterday.

Of the 30,000 men and women who packed the enclosure not a single couple could be weaned away long enough to go under the grandstand, where a tango furore was doing its best to draw attention.

This was literally true between the second and third races. Only waiters stood around as the tango band played.

The Vacation War Relief Committee, which conducted the tea dance did not suffer, however. The crowd anticipated the charity and freely purchased the tickets at 50 cents each.

John Cavanaugh alone guaranteed the sale of 1,000 tickets, and others were enthusiastic in helping Miss Anne Morgan and her associates work for the good cause.

Finish of third race, showing Thornhill winning and Republican, which ran away before the start, far up the stretch.

COLUMBIA CHANGES ITS ATHLETIC CODE

Hereafter Freshmen Will Be Ineligible for Any Major Teams.

Freshmen will be barred from all major sport teams at Columbia next year, and no graduate of another university who may be a student at Columbia will be eligible hereafter to a place on any Columbia team. This announcement was made by the university committee on athletics yesterday.

Another change in the eligibility code provides that no student, after competing for Columbia for four years in a major sport, will be eligible.

These new rules are the first radical changes Columbia has made in its athletic code in fifteen years, although it has been urged that freshmen be barred from its major teams at least for seven years. Freshmen will still be eligible to compete on minor sports teams, with the exception of basketball and fencing, from which they are barred by league rules.

The playing of graduates of other colleges on Columbia teams was responsible for a great deal of undergraduate criticism on Morningside Heights during the past winter. It will mean that Laird, the old Princeton outfielder; Alec Wilson, the former Yale fencer; and many others will be barred from Columbia teams hereafter, leaving all places open to Columbia undergraduates.

No coach for the varsity football team has been selected as yet, but a schedule is practically ready.



JAMES BUTLER'S HIGH NOON, WITH BOREL UP, WINNER OF THE TOBOGGAN HANDICAP.

OUTDOOR BOXING DRAWS WELL AT EBBETS FIELD

Crowds Cheer as Bartfield Holds Gibbons to Close Decision.

Twelve thousand spectators set the seal of approval on open air boxing at Ebbets Field yesterday afternoon. Five ten-round bouts were contested, and few indeed were the spectators who left. This is the first battle fought in this city, or its vicinity, out of doors since Terry McGovern won the heavyweight championship of the world from Pedlar Palmer, at Tuckahoe sixteen years ago.

But now that the fans have had their taste of boxing under conditions that were really ideal, there is little doubt that shows held in the open air will become as popular here as they were in California. After five years of watching boxing bouts in superheated clubs where the air was smoke laden and impure, the enthusiasts hailed the chance to get out under the sun, where the boys could show at their best. The fighters also hated the change, and the pace was fast in every bout from the time that Dutch Brand landed his first left jab on Battling Lahn until Al McCoy missed his last wild swing on Silent Martin.

To start the ball rolling Dutch Brand defeated Battling Lahn after a rattling bout, coming through in the last five rounds. Then Battling Levinsky outboxed Dan (Posky) Flynn. The surprise of the afternoon, however, came when Soldier Bartfield held Mike Gibbons to a close decision, and although outpointed by a fair margin, was hailed by the crowd for his brave and perfect performance. It was a magnificent display of courage, but futile, indeed.

At last came the end. Flynn could not hope to win, and after one minute and thirty-four seconds of boxing in the ninth round, Jack Curley threw up the sponge.

Experience and strength won for Dundee over Drummie. The speedy little Italian was entirely too good for the Jersey boy and had the additional advantage of five pounds in weight. A left and right hand punch to the jaw, landing simultaneously, brought the bout to a close.

Men vs. System.

"In case of war"—we extract this from an exchange—"America has the men to beat any military system in the world."

This statement reminds us of a certain football battle we once watched with "Hurry-up" Yost. One eleven had only average looking material—of fair weight and speed—but it had been coached with a fine system of knowledge and strategy. It knew football and all the kinks thereof.

The other eleven had one of the finest looking collections of human flesh any one would care to see. It had the men—big men, fast men—players of courage who fought every foot of ground. After five minutes of play Yost made this remark, the score then being 0 to 0—"It's a crime to send a good game bunch of youngsters to the field knowing so little of the game. That first club knows football and will drive the other off the map." And the first team, with the system, beat the second team, with the men, about 22 to 0, as we recall the count.

"Why are present day ball players so easily hurt?" queries an inquiring bystander. Because they are more "able. And the more valuable any piece of bric-a-brac is the more brittle it is, whether it be on the diamond or in the pantry.

"Lessons in how to use a niblick" is the title of a small volume just received. It leaves us strangely cold, not to say clammy. What we are looking for is "Lessons on how not to have 'o use a niblick."

The White Sox Flurry.

We note where one contemporary figures the White Sox will soon be due for a sudden drift down hill. "Back in 1912," he writes, "the Sox led the race until June and then collapsed; 1915 will probably be a repetition of 1912."

Only the case is by no means the same. In 1912 the White Sox pumped along in front because Ed Walsh was pitching and winning every other game. They depended upon one slabman, and when the rubber began to wear out in his shoulder there was nothing to it but the Soapy Chute.

More Oil.

If Henley hasn't been overcrowded of late, perhaps you can use this oil in the Sportlight— "Lo—it is not always May," sang a poet. There is some harm left in Gilead after all.

INVICTUS.
(Axing the plunder with W. E. H.)
Alex the Great—1915.

*Up from the mound whereon I sweat,
Grim as the pit from lip to lip,
I thank the gods who don't forget
For my unconquerable whip.*

*Under the strain of bases full
I have not cracked and lost the plate;
Throughout the long nine-inning pull
I've faced the ash and played it straight.*

*Beyond the place of fans and cheers
There lies the horror of the bush;
But I am young and light the years—
I plant my spikes and head the push.*

*It matters not how swatsmen poke—
How deadly are the bats I serve;
I am the master of my smoke—
I am the captain of my curve.*

BYRON.

THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

The Tribune Racing Chart

BELMONT PARK, MONDAY, MAY 31.
WEATHER CLEAR. TRACK FAST.

FIRST RACE. Selling, for three-year-olds and upward. \$300 added, value to winner, \$400. Six furlongs. Winner, ch. f., 3, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:12. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
Royal Martyr	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
High Noon	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

SECOND RACE. Selling, for two-year-olds. \$400 added, value to winner, \$500. Four and a half furlongs. Winner, ch. f., 2, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:09 3/5. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
Short Ballot	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
High Noon	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

THIRD RACE. Bayside Steeplechase Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward. \$500 added, value to winner, \$1,000. One mile. At post 2 minutes. Off at 4:45. Start good. Winner, ch. f., 3, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:09 3/5. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
Short Ballot	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
High Noon	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

FOURTH RACE. The Toboggan Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward. \$2,000 guaranteed, value to winner, \$1,000. One mile and a half. At post 1 1/2 minutes. Off at 4:25. Start good for all but Rock View. Winner, ch. f., 3, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:09 3/5. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
High Noon	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

FIFTH RACE. Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, for four-year-olds and upward. \$1,000 added, value to winner, \$1,750. About two and a half miles. At post 1 1/2 minutes. Off at 5:15. Start good for all but Rock View. Winner, ch. f., 3, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:09 3/5. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
High Noon	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

SIXTH RACE. For maidens three years old. \$500 added, value to winner, \$850. Five furlongs. At post 1 1/2 minutes. Off at 5:45. Start good for all but Rock View. Winner, ch. f., 3, by Golden Martin—Mary Stuart. Time, 1:09 3/5. Jockey, Gifford A. Cochran. Trainer, W. R. Miller.

Starter	Post	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Open	High	Close	Place	3d
High Noon	1	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nation	2	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stromboli	3	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	4	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rock View	5	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yankee Nations	6	126	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

There may not be quite as much of the Hip-hip or as much of the widely heralded spectacular to Cornell's athletic work as there is to the athletic endeavors of other universities.

But in the matter of all-around, up-and-down athletic efficiency embracing every variety of sport there is no more left except to concede the Ithaca stronghold supremacy by a wide margin.

The Headliner.

Harvard and one or two others carry a slight annual margin in football over the Cornellian and White. Once in a while Columbia, Yale or Harvard beat her on the water. Here and there Princeton and others beat her on the diamond or at basketball. But we are talking here of a general annual average of all sports—and in this general average of efficiency Cornell comes first.

Her recent sweep at the intercollegiate games was fairly typical of Cornell ways. Her triumph was overwhelming, but it was not achieved by any one or two or three super-stars of the Ted Meredith type. In fact, Cornell put only a small average out in front of the field. It was not the brilliancy of any one or two men, but the general excellence of her entire clan, that rolled back the remainder of the contending field and established Ithaca as the capital city.

The Proper System.

Cornell athletics are not a matter of producing a few prize specimens endowed with unusual brains, and speed and power. They are rather the matter of lifting the average of the many where the multitude are benefited rather than the few. Her entire system is as sane and wholesome as any athletic system could be, whatever the sport, and her decided eminence is more than deserved.

GREENWICH VILLAGE SEES MERRY RACE

Schezen, of Brownsville F. C., Sprints to Front in the Last Ten Yards.

Greenwich Village turned out a goodly crowd yesterday to cheer the runners who competed in the annual novice open, the three and a half mile road race of Public School 95, at Clarkson and Hudson Streets.

The summary follows:

Name	Time
H. H. Schaefer, Brownsville Field Club	20:55
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:00
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:05
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:10
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:15
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:20
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:25
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:30
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:35
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:40
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:45
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:50
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	21:55
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:00
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:05
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:10
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:15
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:20
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:25
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:30
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:35
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:40
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:45
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:50
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	22:55
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:00
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:05
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:10
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:15
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:20
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:25
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:30
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:35
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:40
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:45
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:50
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	23:55
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:00
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:05
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:10
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:15
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:20
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:25
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:30
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:35
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:40
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:45
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:50
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	24:55
J. J. Murphy, Holy Cross Lacrosse	25:00

TEAM COMPETITION.

Team	Time
Brownsville F. C.	2:04
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:05
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:06
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:07
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:08
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:09
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:10
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:11
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:12
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:13
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:14
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:15
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:16
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:17
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:18
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:19
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:20
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:21
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:22
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:23
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:24
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2:25
Holy Cross Lacrosse	2